In Recital

Shaunna Shandro, soprano

assisted by
Roger Admiral, piano

With special guest
Andrij Hornjatkevyč, bandura

Saturday, April 10, 1999 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

From Rosy Bowers
Bess of Bedlam — Henry Purcell (1659-1995)

Ständchen, op. 17 no. 2 (1886)
Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8 (1885)
Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1 (1885) — Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

From **The Telephone** (1947)
Hello, oh Margaret, it's you! — Gian Carlo Menotti (b. 1911)

Trois melodies de 1916: (1916)
La statue de bronze
Daphénéo
Le chapelier — Eric Satie (1866-1925)

Je te veux (1897) — Eric Satie

Intermission

Incantation (1990) — Malcolm Forsyth (b. 1936)

Misjats'na nebi — (Traditional Ukrainian)
Oj chorna, ja sy chorna — (Traditional Ukrainian)
Verkhovyno — (Traditionally Polish, Adapted into Ukrainian)

With special guest, **Andrij Hornjatkevyč, bandura**

From **Don Giovanni** (1787)
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

From **Cosi fan tutte** (1790)
Come scoglio

From **Candide** (1955)
Glitter and Be Gay — Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Shandro.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Ständchen/Serenade
Open up, open up, but softly, my child,
so as to awaken no one from sleep.
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes
a leaf on the bushes and hedges.
Therefore softly, my maiden, that nothing stirs,
simply lay your hand on the latch quietly.
With footsteps, like footsteps of the elves so light,
so as to skip over the flowers,
fly lightly out into the moon-lit night
to slip out to me in the garden.
The flowers slumber around the rippling brook
and so sweetly scented in their sleep, only love is awake.
Sit down, here dusk gathers so mysteriously
under the linden trees.
The nightingale above our heads shall
dream of our kisses,
and the rose, when she awakens in the morning
will glow sublimely from the delights of the night.

Allerseelen/All Souls' Day
Put on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
carry the last red astors here,
and let us again talk of love
like once in May.
Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
and if anyone sees it, it makes no difference to me,
give me only one of your sweet glances
like once in May.
Today it blossoms and smells sweet on each grave
one day in the year indeed the dead are free,
come to my heart, that I have you again,
like once in May.

Zueignung/Dedication
Yes, you know it, beloved soul
that I am tormented far from you,
love makes the heart suffer,
thanks to you.

Once I held, the one who delighted in freedom,
high the amethyst cup
and you blessed the drink,
thanks to you.

And exorcised the evil ones therein,
until I, as I had never been,
holy, holy onto your heart I sank,
thanks to you.

La statue de bronze/The bronze statue
The frog in the barrel game
feels bored under the bower at evening.
He is sick of being that statue
about to pronounce a huge word, The Word
He would rather be off with the others

La statue de bronze/The bronze statue (continued)
blowing bubbles of music
with soap from the moon.
At the edge of the russet-tinged water of the wash house,
gleaming through the branches over there,
all day long he gets thrown a pittance of coins
which to him are no avail
and clank in the water-closets of his numbered pedestal.
And in the evening insects sleep in his mouth.

Daphénéo
Tell me, Daphénéo,
what is that tree which has crying birds for fruit?
That tree, Crysaline, is a bird-tree.
Ah!
I thought that nut trees gave nuts.
Yes, Crysaline, nut trees give nuts,
but bird trees give birds.
Ah!

Le chapelier/The Mad Hatter
The mad hatter is astonished to note
that his watch is three days late,
even though he is careful to grease it
always with the best quality butter.
But he lets breadcrumbs fall into the works
and dips his watch into his tea as he will.
That won't make it work any faster.

Je te veux/I want you
I understood your grief, dear love,
and I yield to your wishes, made of me your mistress.
Far from us is wisdom, more is our sadness,
I live for the precious moment when we will be happy.
I want you.
I do not have any regrets and I do not have envy:
Near to you lies my whole life,
that my heart is yours and your lips are mine,
That your body is mine, and that all of my flesh is yours.
Yes, I see in your eyes Divine promise
that your loving heart will look for my caresses.
Entwined forever, burning with the same flames,
in dreams of love we will exchange our two souls.

Incantation
Guide to meaning of Lakota, Sioux
and Chippewa words:

Matakwiask: All my Relations (Lakota)
Mitakuyeoyasin: All my Relations (Sioux)
Shawnodese: Spirit-keeper of the South (Chippewa)
Mudjekeewis: Spirit-keeper of the West (Chippewa)
Waboose: Spirit-keeper of the North (Chippewa)
Wabun: Spirit-keeper of the East (Chippewa)

Misjats' na nebi/Moon in the heavens
Moon in the heavens, the stars sparkle,
Silently, a boat glides through the water.
In the boat is a girl singing a song,
A kozak hears, his heart dies.

A peaceful song, a loving song,
All about lovers, all about love.
How we once loved, before we parted,
Now we are together again for eternity.

Oh eyes, eyes, eyes of the girl,
Darks as night, bright as day.
Your eyes have led me
to an untimely death.

Oj chorna, ja sy chorna/Oh swarthy, I am swarthy
Oh swarthy, I am swarthy,
Oh swarthy like a gypsy,
And I have fallen in love, I have fallen in love
With swarthy Ivan.

Oh I have fallen in love,
With Ivan, yes, Ivan,
Tall and slender, tall and slim,
Wearing an embroidered shirt.

"I love you, Marusia,
I love you for your beauty,
I love to watch, I love to watch
As you go for water."

Oh there it goes, there goes the train;
I almost started to cry
I admitted to Ivan
That I have fallen in love with him.

I will go to the forest,
I will shake the oak tree.
I will not go away, I will not go away,
I will not abandon my love.

On the hill are two oak trees,
Both are still green,--
We are so well matched,
Both of us being swarthy.

Verkhovyno/The Verkhovyna Highlands
Verkhovyna, you are our world!
Hey, how nice it is to be here!
The time flows like the play of your waters,
Free, roaring, joyful.
Oh there is no country
Like you, Verkhovyna!
There I would like to dance,
For at least an hour!

Verkhovyno/The Verkhovyna Highlands (cont.)
From summit to summit, from forest to forest,
Without a care in my heart
With a pistol in his belt, a staff in his hand,
He wanders through the mountains.
Cheremosh, Cheremosh,
Swift are your waters,
Girl from Verkhovyna
How beautiful you are!

Hey, what do I care about Podillya (the lowlands)!
To us a mountain meadow is like Podillya,
The forests are like the step
And the noise of the wild animals seems like a wedding.
Oh there is no country
Like you, Verkhovyna!
There I would like to dance,
For at least an hour!

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto/Beat me, dear Masetto
Beat me, dear Masetto,
Beat your poor Zerlina!
I shall stand there like a lambkin
waiting for your blows.
I'll let you tear my hair out,
I'll let you gouge out my eyes,
and still I'll happily
kiss your dear hands!
Ah, I see you haven't the heart!
Let's make up my dear one!
We want to spend out nights and days
in joy and gaiety!

Come scoglio/As a rock
Reckless men! Leave this place!
And do not let the ill-omened air of scandalous utterances profane our hearts, our ears and our affections! It is useless for you, or for any other, to try and seduce our souls. The steadfast faith which we gave to our dear lovers, we shall preserve until death, despite the world and destiny!

As a rock stands firm
against winds and storms,
so this soul will always be strong
in its fidelity and its love.
In us is kindled the fire
that brings delight and comfort,
and only death can make
us change our affections.
Heartless men, honor
this example of fidelity,
and may no more uncouth hopes
make you bold.